

15

S O N N E T S.

[Price Half a Crown.]



S O N N E T S.

*Solo e pensofo I campi
Vo misurando.*

PETRARCH.

L O N D O N,

Printed for G. G. J. and J. ROBINSON, Pater-Noster-Row.

MDCCLXXXIX.



[5]

S O N N E T S.

S O N N E T I.

ON THE RUINS OF ATHENS.

SAD desolation marks the hallow'd place,
Where Athens, queen of cities, tow'r'd sublime :
Her prostrate walls confess the hand of Time,
And hostile bands her proud remains deface.
Yet still the musing Poet loves to trace
Where Plato taught in Learning's golden prime,
'Mid fragments mark'd with many a fading rhyme,
And mould'ring columns, nodding from their base.
So London, now the warlike Briton's pride,
The dread and envy of furrounding lands,
Her glorious triumphs past, may prostrate lie,
A mournful heap, and near the lonesome tide
Of far-fam'd Thames, the fierce Barbarian bands
Pass her proud ruins with regardless eye.

S O N N E T II.

O N H A N D E L.

HANDEL, whose strains the captive soul command,
 Oft as by Sorrow's gloomy weight oppress'd
 I mourn, or furious passions swell my breast,
 Or Want, pale fiend, benumbs with icy hand;
 Rous'd by thy solemn sounds my thoughts expand,
 And ev'ry wild emotion sinks to rest;
 On balmy clouds I float amid the blest,
 And share the raptures of the heav'nly band.
 Vain moralists! who deem the pleasing pow'r
 But a fond charm to smoothe the dang'rous way
 Of vice: from her, reclin'd in pensive bow'r,
 Oft has the Poet caught his noblest lay:
 Her magic bids in many a torpid hour
 The waking soul's sublimer passions play.



S O N-

S O N N E T III.

O N E V E N I N G.

THY beauties, Ev'ning, who unmov'd can trace,
 When all is calm, and soothing murmurs fill
 The hollow vault of air, from bubbling rill,
 The mead's soft bleating, and the tuneful race?
 Shorn of the beams, that deck'd his flaming face,
 Slow sinks the Sun behind yon misty hill;
 The much-deserving swain, whose labours till
 Earth's genial lap, returns with ling'ring pace.
 Far in the gloom of some romantic wood,
 Where sounds no mortal step, the Sage sublime
 Rapt in high musing feeds on solemn themes :
 Immortal life, the first eternal good,
 Pure Friendship's laws, th' unfathom'd depth of Time,
 By turns all mingle with his rapt'rous dreams.

S O N-

S O N N E T IV.

ON THE RETURN OF WINTER.

FAREWELL, ye vales and woods, where late I stray'd
 Careless, by Nature's bright profusion led,
 And with the charming scene my fancy fed,
 As rose the sun in purple mists array'd ;
 Or fondly mark'd through ev'ning's placid shade
 The labour'd ox return with drooping head ;
 While, cheer'd by village-bells, the ploughman sped
 To his low cottage o'er the well-known glade.
 Short is all human bliss ! the smiling plain,
 That breath'd delight and joy, now fading dies
 At Winter's fullen blast. Yet why complain,
 Or view the cheerless scene with downcast eyes ?
 In Bliss the wand'ring passions scorn the rein,
 But sober Grief instructs us to be wise.

S O N-

S O N N E T V.

T O A R O B I N.

SWEET Bird ! I blush to hear thy chiding lays,
 That oft my dull ignoble sloth accuse,
 When Earth's green bosom, bath'd with wholesome dews,
 Smiles to the purple morning's milder rays.
 Far better task, to sound my Maker's praise,
 Or 'mid fair dales and flow'ry lawns to muse
 Harmonious song, than, wrapt in sloth, to lose
 The precious prime of Summer's golden days.
 Lead me, sweet Bird, to meads of new-blown flow'rs ;
 To tangled woods, that breathe a rich perfume
 From violet blue or faintly-blushing rose :
 I can requite thee ; when descending fnows
 Strip the gay forests of their leafy bloom,
 Thou on my hearth shalt pass the live-long hours.

B

S O N-

S O N N E T VI.

ON A HORSE WHICH HAD BEEN ILL-USED.

POOOR Steed ! in thee the faint remains I trace
 Of noble courage, scarce in mis'ry fled ;
 Doom'd a mean tyrant's barb'rous lash to dread,
 And drag the cruel load with tardy pace !
 Alas ! what boots it, that of high-bred race
 With curling mane you rear'd the stately head,
 And oft with lightning's speed triumphant led
 To the warm glories of the gen'rous chace ?
 Of all thy faithful toils what fruit is thine ?
 Thy thankless master, who, when stiff'ning years
 Chill'd thy high blood, with fordid av'rice gave
 To hard unpitying hearts thy frail decline,
 Expects a happier lot : thou, doom'd to tears,
 Hast thou no hopes but in the gloomy grave ?

S O N-

S O N N E T VII.

ON THE SHORTNESS OF LIFE.

SHORT is the journey through this vale of woe ;
 And few the charms, which soothe the painful way ;
 For soon to cold and cheerless death a prey
 Are those fond looks, which made our bosoms glow :
 O'er Friendship's grave, alas ! our tears must flow,
 And anxious Mem'ry oft recalls the day
 When those yet charm'd, who now but senseless clay,
 Deaf to our sighs, nor joy nor sorrow know.
 Ev'n this warm heart, which now so fondly bleeds,
 To-morrow's sun perhaps shall never cheer :
 Yet not unwelcome were that awful doom
 Could future ages bless my virtuous deeds,
 And orphans thank with many a heart-felt tear
 This hand then mould'ring in the silent tomb.

S O N N E T VIII.

WRITTEN DURING TEMPESTUOUS WEATHER IN JULY.

NO more the skies serenely blue appear,
 Which late with joy the peaceful peasant view'd;
 Northrough his meads, where bloom'd the flow'ry food
 Due to the labours of his patient steer,
 He muses grateful : but with drooping ear
 Low sinks the corn, by furious storms subdued;
 And o'er pale earth eternal vapours brood,
 To blast the promise of the plenteous year.
 Such is the life of man : his chearful way
 Awhile the cloudless Sun of Hope illumines;
 Light, Joy, and Pleasure, wing the festive day,
 Secure he roves 'mid bow'rs of sweet perfumes :
 But soon his disappointed eyes survey
 The toilsome road o'ercast with black'ning glooms.

S O N.

S O N N E T IX.

ON THE MELANCHOLY OF THE SWISS SOLDIERS ON HEARING
A CERTAIN SONG.

IF, by the trumpet's voice and din of fight
Torn from his native Alps, the soldier hears
The simple song, which charm'd his early years,
His fullen soul repining loathes the light.
In double beauty to his longing sight
His humble cot and barren field appears ;
His hollow cheeks are ever bath'd in tears,
And social joys no more his heart delight.
'Till, pining long with vain desire, he falls
To dark despondency a gloomy prey :
Dear is our country's image to the mind !
The shiv'ring native hears the cheerless wind
In Lapland's snowy plains serene and gay,
And his bleak hut prefers to stately walls.

S O N-

S O N N E T X.

ON LEAVING SOME FRIENDS.

AH me! the hour of social bliss is past,
 And Friendship's voice no more my soul expands :
 From gen'rous mirth I go to gloomier lands,
 Where the dull ling'ring moments seem to last
 A tedious age : like some lone wand'rer cast
 By fullen storms on wild and trackless sands,
 Or cheerless pine, that solitary stands
 On the bare heath, where howls the wint'ry blast.
 On rapid wing Life's dearest moments haste,
 Our varied state allows not joy to flow
 In one continual stream : Heav'n dooms to taste
 By turns the never-failing cup of woe ;
 Or in the gulph of cold indiff'rence plac'd,
 Nor bliss nor pain our languid senses know.

S O N-

S O N N E T XI.

TO A FRIEND, EAGER TO GO ABROAD.

AH! why, my Friend, with impotent desire
 Seek'st thou the mild Aufonia's sunny plains,
 Or social France, where gay Politeness reigns,
 Or Tagus, on whose vine-clad banks aspire
 Two regal cities; or th' enraptur'd quire,
 In climes long silent who resound their strains,
 Whence pour'd the nations, who the proud remains
 Of Roman pomp defac'd with sword and fire?
 He not unpunish'd, who for foreign shores
 Leaves his own hearth and sweet paternal fields:
 In skies more blue, with endless summer blest
 Ev'n there his willing exile he deplores;
 While all the fond delights his country yields
 Rush in new beauty on his anxious breast.

S O N

S O N N E T XII.

WRITTEN AT PENSURST.

PENSURST, whose moss-grown tow'rs in hoary state
 Frown o'er the meads, where silent Medway flows;
 Where erst the gallant * Sydney fought repose
 And left for song the bloody fields of Fate,
 The bard admitting at his social gate :
 And he †, who fir'd with Roman learning role
 To save his country from ideal woes,
 Free as his teachers, though mistaken, great :
 How art thou chang'd ! beside the murm'ring fall
 Of some lone rill, that seems in fairy ground,
 No gentle bard now hears the Muse's call ;
 With no proud hospitality resound
 The rafter'd roofs of yon deserted hall,
 With helms and formidable lances crown'd.

* Sir Philip Sydney.

† Algernon Sydney.

S O N N E T XIII.

A THOUSAND griefs o'ercast our fleeting day :
 On most Disease and chilling Want attend,
 Dim the few joys the Fates in pity fend,
 And veil in clouds the Sun's all-gladd'ning ray.
 With hopeless passion now we pine away ;
 Now o'er the bier of some departed friend
 With swelling heart disconsolate we bend ;
 Those looks, that voice, which cheer'd our anxious way,
 Fond Mem'ry paints in all her glowing hues,
 From her each hour of social Joy receives
 A double charm : yet lull'd by Hope we rest,
 Nor shed for ever pale Affliction's dew ;
 And e'en the fond regret, which Pleasure leaves,
 Is not unpleasing to the tender breast.

S O N N E T XIV.

IMITATED FROM LUCRETIVS.

TIS sweet to view in safety from the shore
 A vessel rolling on the stormy main;
 Pleas'd to escape ourselves the dang'rous roar,
 Not that we triumph in another's pain.
 'Tis sweet, when loud conflicting cannons pour
 Their ghastly rage, to view the gleamy plain,
 Where neighing steeds toss high the floating mane,
 And trample warriors gasping in their gore.
 But sweeter far the tranquil heights to gain
 Of Wisdom, rais'd above the madding crowd;
 Thence to look down on all their tumults vain
 And needless fears, as through the maze they stray
 Of Error, lost in Superstition's cloud,
 Where darkling still they roam, and find no day.

S O N-

S O N N E T XV *.

O FRIEND! when laughing skies and Zephyrs call,
 Forbear in towns the blooming hour to lose;
 Nor Nature's pure and simple charms refuse,
 For costly banquets, or the midnight ball.
 Yet here no stately tow'rs, no storied hall,
 But twilight groves, where roaming bards may muse,
 Fair sunny hills, and fields of various hues,
 And streams that down the sloping valley fall,
 From Earth to Heav'n the soaring spirit raise:
 And the sweet love-lorn Bird, that all night long
 In shadowy thickets pours the plaintive strain,
 Melts the warm soul to passion with her song:
 Yet poor these charms, and dim the smiling days,
 While far my Friend's enliv'ning looks remain.

* Chiefly taken from the tenth of Petrarch.

S O N N E T XVI.

O N D E A T H.

STROWN is the path of Life with various woes ;
 And true it seems, that man would gladly rest,
 Where no sad fears and waisting cares molest,
 In the calm shades of undisturb'd repose :
 Yet, when our weary pilgrimage we close,
 A warm regret disturbs the aching breast,
 To leave those fields in smiling verdure drest,
 That sun, whose orb with golden lustre glows.
 Sweet Friendship's charms, and Love's endearing ties,
 Hold back the soul, and draw a tender tear ;
 And though warm Faith might chace the dismal gloom,
 In Fancy lifted to her promis'd skies,
 The mind, misgiving oft, with anxious fear
 Sees a dark dreary waste beyond the tomb.

S O N-

S O N N E T XVII.

WRITTEN IN THE RUINS OF A MONASTERY.

BLEST be the day, when superstitious Fear
 And holy Fraud receiv'd their fatal wound,
 For cloyster'd Guilt's eternal fall renown'd,
 To Freedom, Reason, and Religion dear !
 Yet envy not the pensive Bard a tear,
 As with lone step he treads the hallow'd ground,
 Where long the plaintive Arts a refuge found
 From feudal Discord, and the barb'rous spear.
 Here too the Sage, the boist'rous world resign'd,
 His sober eve of life might pass serene,
 And undisturb'd his wand'ring thoughts compose =
 And hopeless Love might here that silence find
 So dear to grief-worn breasts, and all unseen
 Nourish the soft regret, and pour her woes.

S O N-

S O N N E T XVIII.

AGAINST THE DETRACTORS OF TASSO.

MAJESTIC Tasso! whom cerulean skies
 And genial funs, for ever clad in gold,
 Where the glad seaman's wond'ring eyes behold
 O'er smiling waves delightful Naples rise,
 (Fair regions, twice ennobled with the prize
 Of heav'nly arts!) to match the bards of old
 Inspir'd in verse exalted, rich, and bold;
 What boot the drowsy pedant's stupid cries?
 In the same myrtle groves and fragrant bow'rs
 Immortal Maro sung; would he disdain
 To own a lofty rival's glowing lay?
 On Jordan's banks, when shadowy ev'ning low'rs,
 Pleas'd would he hear the *lovelorn maid complain,
 Or through the bow'rs of bright Armida stray.

* Erminia. See Canto VII.

S O N N E T XIX.

THE BEGGAR'S COMPLAINT.

WITH thirst of Knowledge fir'd, I heedless fled.
 My native fields; a hoary parent's care
 Told me in vain what wrongs the needy bear,
 And calling blessings on my youthful head.
 Adjur'd my stay. Alas! 'mid plenty fed,
 I little fear'd Affliction and Despair,
 And fondly deem'd the wretched suppliant's prayer
 Was ever sacred. Late a little bread
 I ask'd, and thought the coldest heart would bleed
 To hear the melting story of my woe;
 But yon proud Miscreant dar'd my boldness blame:
 Methinks these honest tears might better plead;
 But 'tis the privilege of Want, to know
 Reproach unmerited, and cruel shame.

S O N-

S O N N E T XX.

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

I HEAR the voice of Merriment resound
 In yon proud hall : there Joy and Plenty dwell ;
 There not in vain the suppliant wretch may tell
 His piteous story. Oh, if blifs be found
 Within these haunts, where glitt'ring stores abound,
 And heav'nly strains of soothing Music swell,
 Pity the wretch, whom not a straw-rooft cell
 Protects from cold ; but on the freezing ground
 Rest his old limbs, and of the wintry blast
 These silver hairs the cruel rigour bear :
 Alas, they hear not ; for their dogs they feel,
 To them with lavish care are dainties cast ;
 But for their fellows, whom to sad Despair
 Their riot dooms, they all have hearts of steel.

S O N-

S O N N E T XXI.

O N N I G H T.

NOW Night's dim hours a solemn silence keep,
 Save that strange sounds the startled ear assail,
 And waves, flow-broken by the feeble gale,
 With plaintive murmurs dash the rocky steep;
 Or Watch-dog, starting from his broken sleep,
 Bays the high moon, whose circle mild and pale,
 Wrapt in a fleecy cloud's transparent veil,
 Pours a faint glimmer o'er the desert deep;
 The soul collected, all her tumults cease;
 Her only wish, the day's vain business o'er,
 To drown her cares in sweet forgetful peace.
 He truly wretched, who, with troublest breast
 Doom'd the lone night his sorrows to deplore,
 Tastes not the balmy gift of soothing rest.

D

S O N.

S O N N E T XXII..

WRITTEN AT THE END OF AUTUMN.

AMID the faded groves I love to hear
 The falling leaf, when howling winds molest
 The dim horizon, clad in gloomy vest,
 Whose cheerless music suits the mourner's ear.
 The silent groves, the heav'ns now dark and drear,
 With pleasing sadness melt the tender breast,
 Though with long looks of fond farewell it rest
 On brighter scenes, which deck'd the blooming year.
 Though many an anxious care and lurking sigh
 A dark'ning shade on joys yet present cast,
 And all the finer gust of bliss destroy;
 With sweet regret we hang on moments past,
 Which oft to fond Reflection's partial eye
 Wear the pure sunshine of unmingled joy.

S O N-

S O N N E T XXIII.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. RUSSEL.

AND cannot, Russel, Taste and Genius save
 From fates too cruel and an early tomb?
 Ah, no! with blind unpitying rage they doom
 The dull, the wise, th' ignoble, and the brave.
 All in those realms the last fond duty crave,
 Where no glad mornings break the chearless gloom,
 Where glows the bosom with no vernal bloom,
 In the lone darkness of the silent grave.
 Thy course is finish'd: all the world's vain cares
 Are but a blank to thee, whose bosom knows
 Joy, Sorrow, Hope, Regret, or Fear, no more:
 Yet still the sun with equal splendor glows,
 And still mankind a smile as chearful wears,
 As that thy gay good-humour wak'd before.

S O N N E T XXIV.

WITH groves so verdant, and with suns so bright,
 With flow'ry meadows pac'd by blooming maids,
 With lonely streams and cool o'er-arching shades,
 Where plaintive birds the poets' ear delight;
 With hanging rocks, on whose romantic height
 Crawls the dark ivy; and with sunny glades,
 Where scarce the vernal primrose ever fades;
 Why art thou yet unpleasing to my sight?
 In vain for him does beauteous Nature smile,
 With whom no friends of soul congenial share
 The dear enjoyments: ah! delightful scene,
 Could'st thou indeed my frequent cares beguile,
 Nor, thus recalling absent charms, impair
 Thy own, and make my moments less serene!

S O N-

S O N N E T XXV.

T O T H E B I R D S.

SOON as the vernal gales reviving bring
 The tender leaves and variegated flow'rs,
 And Earth imbibes the warm prolific show'rs,
 With lively notes the woods and vallies ring :
 Sing on, sweet warblers : with impatient wing
 Your pleasures fly, and soon the wint'ry hours
 Revolving strip once more your leafy bow'rs :
 Those notes, perhaps, will cheer no second spring.
 Yet though your harmless days so swiftly flow,
 Their bliss is unalloy'd : kind Heav'n denies
 The painful prospect of impending woe :
 'Tis man's great privilege with piercing eyes
 The threats of low'ring destiny to know,
 And taste yet distant sorrows, dearly wise.

S O N--

S O N N E T XXVI.

ON THE MELANCHOLY OF TASSO.

PURSU'D by terrors, worn with secret pain,
 From great Alphonso, Tasso bent his flight;
 For him was pale the sun's all-gladd'ning light;
 Nor Rome's proud tow'rs, nor warm Calabrian plain,
 Nor where glad Naples overlooks the main,
 Nor Arno's fragrant vale, could charm his sight:
 His day was gloomy, and the peaceful night
 Saw him alike with downcast head complain.
 Now fiercer Frenzy whirl'd his senses round,
 And now he bore the idiot's vacant stare:
 Sad fate! for who, to be like him renown'd,
 The pain of feelings so refin'd would bear?
 Who for long years endure the wakeful wound
 Of hopeless love, and slow-consuming care?

S O N N E T XXVII.

A WISH FOR THE RETURN OF SPRING.

O WHEN will Spring her chearful fway resume,
 And chase the clouds, that dim this low'ring sky,
 When will she bid her balmy Zephyrs fly,
 And lift her rosy smiles, and genial bloom !
 Her flow'ry garlands, breathing fresh-perfume,
 May kindle pleasure in my drooping eye ;
 New vigour to my languid frame supply,
 And bid fair Health my sickly cheek illumine.
 Oft as dark clouds o'erhang our dreary way,
 Sweet Hope forbids the sorrowing tear to flow ;
 In all our ills we own her pleasing fway ;
 And still, forgetful of its present woe,
 The mind reposes on some happier day,
 When Earth shall smile, and brighter sun-beams glow.

S O N-

S O N N E T XXVIII.

ON VISITING A FAVOURITE PLACE.

I FEEL a breeze of joy my heart inspire,
 To view these hills and vales, my youth's abode,
 Where first my breast with warm ideas glow'd,
 Where first I woke my unambitious lyre,
 Each thought serene, and spotless each desire :
 My spirits, free from Care's oppressive load,
 On Nature's sweets a brighter bloom bestow'd,
 Nor sick'ning shunn'd the morn's returning fire.
 Though green thy woods, and fruitful all thy plains,
 Not these alone could charm my pensive breast :
 H*, for this I love to wander o'er
 Thy fair retreats, that here impress remains
 The mem'ry of those hours, which saw me blest,
 That those I love have pac'd thy pleasing shore.

S O N-

S O N N E T XXIX.

TO A YOUNG LADY.

O THINK, while Beauty's bloom adorns thy face,
 And those blue eyes still dart contagious fire,
 While that fair bosom pants with soft desire,
 And moves thy gliding form with easy grace;
 The time must come, when thou, with falt'ring pace
 And faded cheek, no more shalt bliss inspire,
 When that sweet voice, that now delights, shall tire,
 And envious age shall ev'ry charm deface.
 Yet, Anna, not to cloud thy sparkling eyes
 With ill-tim'd seriousness, to sober Truth
 Thy soul yet fresh in life's gay morn I bend:
 I would but teach thee mental charms to prize;
 That, past the smiling hours of Joy and Youth,
 When Lovers vanish, thou may'st own a Friend.

E

S O N-

S O N N E T XXX.

N^{**}, with whom my bosom shar'd of yore
 The sweets of Friendship, when in Oxford's bow'rs
 Learning and Mirth employ'd our fleeting hours,
 Or pleasing dreams on Cherwell's rural shore ;
 Where our glad eyes survey'd the blooming store
 Of genial Summer, crown'd with fragrant flow'rs,
 Oft as with soul serene those learned tow'rs
 We left, intent on more enchanting lore ;
 When shall we range once more our lov'd retreats ?
 Whence now divided far, in other climes
 At Duty's earnest call we leave resign'd
 Those harmless pleasures, still on distant seats
 Looking with fond regret, and former times
 Recalling anxious to the musing mind.

S O N-

S O N N E T XXXI.

ON SEEING A LADY DANCE.

I SAW Myrtilla in the graceful dance
 Move with such heav'nly ease, so sweet an air,
 That, gazing on that form beyond compare,
 I stood awhile immers'd in silent trance :
 But when her sparkling eyes, O cruel chance !
 Beam'd full on mine, their light I scarce could bear ;
 She mov'd along, unconscious of my care,
 Nor knew the mischief of that pow'rful glance.
 Farewell my peace ! from that dear fatal night
 I fly from ev'ry joy, that charm'd before :
 Those beauties, vanish'd from my longing sight,
 In hopeless solitude I still deplore ;
 And groves and fields, so late my soul's delight ;
 For these sad eyes, alas ! will bloom no more.

S O N N E T XXXII.

ON THE RETURN OF SPRING.

IMPURPLING Heav'n's blue vault with genial rays
 Sweet Spring returns : once more I love to meet
 The swain on some tall mountain's airy feat,
 When Morning first her crimson blush displays :
 Once more, ye Groves, in whose romantic ways
 So oft I roam'd, I come with hallow'd feet,
 To pour my numbers in your wild retreat,
 Responsive to the Blackbird's echoing lays.
 Yet some there are, who, bent on slavish gain,
 Can look on this fair change with careless eyes,
 And see unmov'd new flow'rets paint the plain :
 For me in vain no vernal fun shall rise ;
 My heart still beats to hear the warbling train,
 The verdant fields to view, and azure skies..

S O N-

S O N N E T XXXIII.

TO SOUTHAMPTON.

APENSIVE youth, that, on thy shores reclin'd,
 Full oft has felt thy mild and balmy airs
 Revive his drooping frame, with ardent pray'rs
 To thee of late a precious friend confign'd,
 Of open manners, and of sense refin'd :
 O steal his bosom from intruding cares,
 And soothe the fell disease, that long impairs
 His languid pow'rs, and damps his genial mind.
 Grac'd as he is with all the Muse's lore,
 His favour'd head from threat'ning harm defend ;
 And let the Maids, that pace thy lovely shore,
 His hours to sweeten, on his steps attend :
 Else shall thy beauties charm my eyes no more,
 Hard and relentless to so sweet a Friend !

S O N-

S O N N E T XXXIV.

W H E T H E R the lovely Zara*! in the tomb

By furious Jealousy untimely laid,

Now charm thy soul; or † Isabella's shade

Sped in soft numbers, or the magic bloom

Of sweet ‡ Armida's bow'rs, that breathe perfume;

Or, § stol'n by Ferraù, the cloyster'd maid,

Whose wrongs Montalban's pleasant knight repaid

By no unjust, yet ah! too cruel doom:

Or whether on a cliff's dark side reclin'd,

And list'ning to the water's fullen roar,

*Sad Abbadona || melt thy serious mind;

Or Troy's brave Guardian, breathless on the shore,

Or hapless Dido; these awhile resign'd,

O charm us, H**, with thy own sweet lore.

* Zayre, that charming, that excellent tragedy of Voltaire.

† Ariosto, Canto XXIX. st. 27.

‡ Tasso, Canto XVI.

§ Ricciardetto, Canto XX.

|| Messias, Gesang 9.

S O N N E T XXXV.

TO THE RIVER ITCHIN, NEAR WINCHESTER.

ITCHIN, as erst, while sober Ev'ning low'rs,
 I walk romantic o'er thy flow'ry fide;
 And pensive now I mark thy silver tide,
 And now 'mid stately elms the moss-grown tow'rs *
 Where kings repose, and Wykeham's learned bow'rs;
 Or that calm mansion †, where remote from pride
 And Life's fore storms, ætherial Hope his guide,
 Old-age reclin'd awaits his parting hours.
 And now my ears delighted catch the sound
 Of those sweet bells, that o'er the bleating vale
 Melodious ring from Twyford's rural bound;
 Nor yet, lov'd hill ‡, thy wonted pleasures fail:
 But I less charm'd explore this happy ground,
 In riper years, when other cares prevail.

* The Cathedral.

† St. Cross.

‡ Catherine-Hill.

S O N N E T XXXVI.

A DIEU, fair haunt, where Spring with genial show'r
 First wakes the primrose, and in tranquil air
 The murm'ring bees her mild return declare,
 And frequent blossoms cloathe the hawthorn bow'r :
 Fond sweets ! to me imperfect is their pow'r,
 Whose soul too feeling, worn with anxious care,
 Sighs for a friend thy pleasing joys to share,
 That cheer in vain the solitary hour.
 Yet take one tender tear : thy groves and plains,
 Thy dells with violets crown'd, thy lowing meads
 Full deep are imag'd in this grateful heart ;
 So oft their charms have sooth'd my secret pains ;
 Whence now with true regret my bosom bleeds
 From them as lov'd companions to depart.

S O N-

S O N N E T XXXVII.

TO A CHURCHYARD.

SAD spot! which melancholy yews o'ershade,
 Where oft the Matron weeps her blooming race
 Faded too soon; and where with ling'ring pace
 Moves the pale Friend, in fable weeds array'd:
 Fill'd with remembrance of a peerless maid,
 I come to scatter roses o'er the place,
 And muse on those sweet looks, that charming grace,
 In this dim sphere too perfect not to fade.
 Still must thy soil with other tears be fed:
 On me, my day of clouds and sunshine o'er,
 Shall some warm friend a tender drop bestow;
 On the cold turf must rest my weary head,
 Where Heav'n's pure light shall glad this heart no more,
 Alike insensible to joy or woe.

F

S O N-

S O N N E T XXXVIII.

TO THE RIVER CHERWELL.

CHERWELL, if ever on thy willowy shore
 Ling'ring I gaz'd with more than vulgar eyes,
 And sooth'd my sorrows with the joys, that rise
 From various Nature's ever-smiling store :

If e'er by thee I mus'd on ancient lore,

Or what proud Thames or winding Seine supplies,

Or Arno blest with pure cerulean skies,

Or Guadalquivir stain'd with Moorish gore ;

Now, as returning from a round of cares

Once more I come to join thy penfive train,

Revive my soul with soft and balmy airs,

As first in life's fair spring, secure from pain.

Ah me ! if here my bleeding bosom bears

Its wonted load, and seeks sweet peace in vain.

S O N-

S O N N E T XXXIX.

WHEN shall I view thee, Rome! My bosom glows
 To pace the fields, where erst the chearful sage,
 Sweet Horace, sung; or, smit with manly rage,
 Great Tully thunder'd at his country's foes;
 Or Cæsar sunk beneath th' indignant blows
 Of falling Freedom. O degen'rate age!
 Where Earth's proud rulers plann'd the mighty page,
 The sons of holy Indolence repose.
 Alas! how chang'd from her, who stretch'd her sway
 From frozen Thule to where Ganges rolls
 His sacred tide, the realms of rising day:
 Now Superstition's iron chain controuls
 The daring mind, and gives to Vice a prey
 And narrow Priestcraft those unconquer'd souls.

S O N N E T XL.

TO A SOLITARY RILL.

HOW oft, sweet Rill, thy warbling notes restore
 Peace and contentment to my ruffled mind !
 With fruitless passion though my bosom pin'd,
 Calm could I sit on thy sequester'd shore.
 Still gently murm'ring roll thy crystal store ;
 And still the world's poor follies left behind,
 To Contemplation's purer joys resign'd,
 Let me by thee my soaring soul explore.
 In these cool haunts, where sing the feather'd quires,
 And verdant arches tinge the sober light :
 While the tir'd sun, array'd in milder fires,
 Moves to the western hills his downward flight,
 Ev'n now I rove, and muse on fond desires,
 And pleasing images of past delight.

S O N-

S O N N E T XLI.

ON SEVERAL NATIONS STRUGGLING FOR LIBERTY
AT THE SAME TIME.

THOU sacred Spirit ! which inspir'dst of yore
On Dalecarlia's rugged hills the soul
Of mighty Vasa, when in base controul
The free-born Swede was sunk, and Denmark's shore
Sent her dark tyrant forth to shed his gore ;
Again arise ! and, from the frozen pole
Advancing, fix not there fair Freedom's goal ;
Thee France, Brabant, Geneva, now implore.
O burst their chains : and let mankind behold
To Europe's farthest bounds thy banners spread ;
That kings may know, that, spite of pow'r or gold,
They govern but to bless ; and nations, led
By Britain's high example, uncontroul'd
May dare to live, and scorn all slavish dread.

S O N N E T XLII.

ON YOUTH.

FAIR as the morning shines our vernal age,
 Yet not unclouded is the smiling scene;
 And few on beds of flow'rs repose serene,
 Safe from each passion's wild tumultuous rage:
 Alas! what art their fury can assuage
 In feeling souls? and Danger, Care, Chagrin,
 Oft wait us, ev'n when life is fresh and green,
 Unknown, unfriended, on the world's wide stage.
 For some in vain yon golden sun displays
 His joyful lustre, while with downcast head
 They mourn in Melancholy's chearless ways:
 And, like the rose in early blossom shed,
 Some leave repining their sweet blooming days,
 And, pleasing life scarce tasted, join the dead.

S O N-

S O N N E T XLIII.

A WISH FOR THE RETURN OF SUMMER.

WHEN wintry glooms the naked world furround,
 And fruitful Summer shines in all her pride,
 How diff'rent Earth ! 'tis now a desert wide,
 And now a Paradise with beauty crown'd :
 Sweet Season ! haste to pour thy bloom around ;
 And come, ye hours, when, stretch'd along the side
 Of some clear stream, which bending willows hide,
 I mark each rural sight, each rural sound ;
 When, as high-thron'd the blazing sun appears,
 I muse my being in the solemn shade ;
 And pensive form at eve some tender strain
 In mead or open lawn : and thank with tears
 Of Joy and Gratitude the Pow'r that made
 This beauteous earth, the skies, and azure main..

S O N-

SONNET XLIV.

WRITTEN AT PENSURST.

YE walls, for gallantry and knighthood fam'd,
 Which oft with sounds of social pleasure rung;
 Ye groves and lawns, where Waller's tuneful tongue
 To gales and murm'ring streams his love proclaim'd,
 And each wild echo Sacharissa nam'd;
 Your white cascades, with foamy tumult flung
 Down the steep slope, and glades so sweetly fung;
 No poet now explores with feet unblam'd.
 Yet suffer me to breathe your vernal gales,
 A poet, no! but of that gentle train,
 Who love to mark in woods and pathless vales
 Each rural sweet; and, wand'ring o'er the plain,
 Deeds of old prowess and romantic tales
 To muse, and hear the nightingale complain.

SON-

S O N N E T XLV.

G***! since first I sought thy rural shade,
 What fond regrets disturb my anxious mind!
 For many a much-lov'd joy I left behind,
 For many a shady wood, or smiling glade,
 Where with some open-hearted Friend I stray'd;
 Or Fair of modest mien, and soul refin'd,
 Of charms, unvalu'd by the vulgar kind,
 Sweet mental charms, that flourish undecay'd.
 But though, perhaps, full oft a silent tear,
 As slow I pac'd o'er dale or verdant mead,
 These eyes have shed; I yet have witness'd here
 Some joy, and on thy mem'ry long shall feed:
 Hadst thou a friend my ling'ring hours to chear,
 Thy vallies, hills, and groves, were sweet indeed.

G

S O N-

S O N N E T XLVI.

IMITATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF TOMMASO CASTELLANI.

Poiche sì lieti prati, &c.

FAR from these smiling skies (O heavy pain!)
 Urg'd by hard fate, my flocks we're doom'd to go
 To other climes, where gales less balmy blow,
 Nor funs so genial cheer the toiling swain.

I my soul's joy, and you your fruitful plain,
 For ever leave, with forrowing steps and flow:
 But thou, ill-fuited to my gloomy woe,
 In these my native bow'rs, lov'd pipe, remain.

Mov'd by thy sight, my cruel Fair may yield
 Her frozen breast to pity, many a song
 Rememb'ring sad, which pleas'd in former years.

Thus with his flocks from his paternal field
 The hopeless Shepherd pensive mov'd along,
 Their footsteps bathing with his copious tears.

S O N-

S O N N E T XLVII.

FROM PETRARCH, 260.

YE hollow vales ! which echoed to my lay,
 Ye streams, by whom I lov'd to weep and sigh,
 Ye walks, protected from the noon-day sky,
 Where oft alone I took my pensive way !
 Pure cloudless air, where cooling Zephyrs play,
 And birds, that o'er the pathless æther fly,
 Sweet hill, that rear'st thy flow'ry head on high,
 Where smit with tender passion yet I stray ;
 In you the same unvaried bloom I find,
 But not in me, alas ! who ever moan,
 And change for notes of grief my joyful strains ;
 Here once I saw my Love : but now consign'd
 To the cold grave she sleeps ; and I alone
 Thus come to bathe with tears her sad remains.

S O N N E T XLVIII.

FROM PETRARCH, 269.

THE genial gales return, and with them bring
 The leaves and flow'rs, their sweetly-smiling train;
 Once more they lead the blue and tranquil spring,
 And wake the Nightingale's melodious strain:
 In ev'ry grove the joyous warblers sing,
 The Sun beholds serene the fruitful plain,
 And all that creep or soar on painted wing,
 Inspir'd by Love, confess his pleasing reign.
 But not for me the genial gales return,
 Or blooming earth in vernal flow'rs is drest,
 While for that beauteous form I fondly burn
 Too early wafted to the realms of rest:
 Save the sad charm of weeping o'er her urn,
 All joy is dead to this unhappy breast.

S O N-

S O N N E T XLIX.

FROM PETRARCH, 279.

I FEEL once more thy Zephyrs waft perfume,
 Sweet-smiling hill ! where rov'd the beauteous fair,
 My soul's first pleasure once, and now my care,
 Stretch'd as she is in Night's eternal gloom.

O my fond foolish hopes ! the flow'ry bloom
 Is faded now, o'erhung the chearful air,
 The vales, where erst she fung, are mute and bare,
 My pleasing dwelling, and my destin'd tomb.

I hop'd at length in her delicious arms
 From all my ills to find a calm repose,
 And lose the mem'ry of my piteous harms :

A cruel lord I serv'd ; since nought but woes
 He gave, while yet I saw her heav'nly charms ;
 Now o'er her mould'ring dust my sorrow flows.

S O N-

S O N N E T L.

TO THE RISE OF THE MEDWAY.

THOU rural source of Medway's silent stream!
 How oft by Eve's grey light I rove along
 Thy winding banks, and hear the mingled song
 Of warblers, grateful to the poet's dream!

Let others choose a more ambitious theme,
 Proud waves, that hear the quick impatient throng
 Of noisy trade, and pompous spires prolong,
 That dance beneath the sun's reflected beam.

Fit subject thou for one, whose feeling soul,
 Far too refin'd for loud tumultuous joys,
 Those empty pleasures of the vulgar great,
 But asks for days, that calm and silent roll
 Like thee, while no rude gust of grief annoys
 His simple course, a low but happy state!

S O N-

S O N N E T LI.

HOW oft, Columba, to my longing soul
 Thy simple cots and barren hills arise,
 Though thy hard foil exclude those milder skies
 Nor silver streams along thy vallies roll !
 Those hills, whose savage frowns with awe controul,
 And call dire shapes before the pilgrim's eyes,
 For me how full of charms ! my bosom sighs
 To climb once more, of all my cares the goal.
 Hail naked rocks ! with huge and shapeless stones
 O'erspread, of Druid pomp the wild remains ;
 Its native soil the warm empassion'd breast
 Still full of painful pleasing longing owns,
 Ev'n bleeds to view its pale and leafless plains,
 Seats of pure infant Joy, and blameless Rest.

S O N N E T LII.

TO A FRIEND, ON THE RETURN OF WINTER.

NOW Nature rests from her luxuriant birth,
 Again with snow the dreary hills are crown'd,
 Mute are the groves, and Winter throws around
 His cheerless veil, and binds the barren earth :
 We, who so late with scenes of rural mirth
 Enraptur'd trod the flow'r-besprinkled ground,
 And heard with carols ev'ry vale resound,
 How shall we seek again the lazy hearth ?
 Yet Winter has its charms : the solemn hours
 To Contemplation's silent joys invite,
 O'er soaring poet, or instructive sage :
 Most happy he, whose soul exalted tow'rs
 Above low joys, and tastes the pure delight,
 That amply flows from Wisdom's sacred page.

S O N-

S O N N E T LIII.

SEATS of my childhood! yon low roofs impart
 The mem'ry of those days, when pure from stain
 I wander'd careless o'er your sylvan reign,
 A stranger yet to wild Ambition's smart;
 To Love's incurable deep-piercing dart,
 Or Knowledge, man's chief ornament and bane,
 That gives to feel with keener sense of pain
 The various pangs, that wound the human heart.
 But most your scenes to warm remembrance raise
 A mother's tender looks, ere age decay'd
 Her with'ring form, to shades of death consign'd,
 In the first blossom of my vernal days,
 The debt of filial piety unpaid,
 That sweet employment to the virtuous mind.

H

S O N-

S O N N E T LIV.

H** , when last I left thy rural bound,
 My bosom felt a cold and deadly weight,
 Some awful blow, prepar'd by angry Fate,
 Alarm'd my boding soul, and on the ground
 Fix'd were my eyes, which dim with tears I found :
 From thee, my Mother, parting sad and late,
 Methought thy grief was, more than usual, great,
 Thy voice ne'er issu'd a more plaintive sound.
 A mournful meaning in thy looks I read ;
 Much hadst thou spoken ; but thy bleeding heart
 Found not relief. I went with downcast eyes,
 And now and then look'd back, averse to part ;
 Ah ! 'twas the last fond look ; thy earthy bed
 Contains thee now, thy spirit haunts the skies.

S O N-

S O N N E T LV.

THE COMPLAINT OF AN UNFORTUNATE WOMAN.

THREE tedious winters helpless and forlorn,
 Stretch'd at some friendless door, this tender frame,
 Not form'd to suffer sad distress and blame,
 Disease, and cold, and penury has borne :
 From my lov'd home by charms too pow'rful torn,
 I fell the victim of a guiltless flame ;
 Alas ! my artless soul foresaw not shame
 In those fair looks, whose perfidy I mourn.
 He barb'rous left me, like a wither'd flow'r
 Spoil'd of its fragrance ; with repenting sighs
 Long a stern father's steely heart I tried ;
 In vain ! Now hunger brings my fatal hour ;
 To my dear Lord my soul rejoicing flies,
 To find that mercy, which the world denied.

S O N N E T LVI.

THY Gothic spires, that stand in rev'rend row,
 Where once the sweets of social bliss I knew,
 Oxford, as now my weary steps pursue,
 From Bayley's grove to these fair meads below
 Descending, why do tears unbidden flow ?
 Is it that past delights, recall'd to view,
 Can spread the cheek with Sorrow's pensive hue ;
 Or that my soul ev'n here has tasted woe,
 Ev'n here, where Learning, Mirth, and Friendship, reign ?
 Yet the bright visions, which thy bow'rs display
 To the warm poet's eye, have not in vain
 Gladden'd my heart : in all our mortal day
 We drink the mingled cup of bliss and pain ;
 Enough if each diversify our way.

S O N-

S O N N E T LVII.

WRITTEN IN NETLEY ABBEY, NEAR SOUTHAMPTON.

WHERE Netley, rising from the hollow dell,
 Lifts his grey tow'rs, I muse on days of yore,
 And think what tears have bath'd this aged floor,
 How oft the Virgin in her stony cell
 To the slow moaning of the midnight bell
 Responsive sigh'd, recalling those sweet days,
 When free she led the dance's sprightly maze,
 With many a youthful friend she lov'd full well,
 On her dear native banks : those banks so fair
 Rush'd on her mind, and those strong charms, that stole
 To Love's enchanting joys her spotless soul ;
 She ey'd the passing sail with anxious care,
 And wish'd, rememb'ring all his winning charms,
 That sail would bear her to her Lover's arms.

S O N-

S O N N E T LVIII.

SPARE thy vain triumph, thou prepar'd to steer
 From Albion's blooming meadows far away,
 For doubly doleful at the close of day
 Shall the deep-moaning Curfew strike thy ear,
 Length'ning its fullen murmurs in the wind ;
 And while her gleaming cliffs retire from view,
 Your ling'ring eyes shall look a sad adieu,
 And each forsaken friend shall haunt your mind,
 Each joy you witness'd in her peaceful vales,
 Where Freedom gladdens ev'ry conscious swain ;
 And though you tread Aufonia's genial plain,
 Where myrtles breathe their spirit in the gales,
 Yet shall fond Mem'ry, 'mid the splendid scene,
 To these fresh pastures turn, and thickets green.

S O N-

S O N N E T LXIX.

YE fwains, that, bending o'er the smooth-worn share,
 Through the moist glebe, that glitters to the sun,
 Wind your slow way; and where fresh rivers run
 With pensive murmur, free from noise and care
 To fragrant pastures lead your peaceful kine,
 Sweet-breathing, while no trumpet's echoing rage
 Shakes your calm rest; till hoary-headed Age
 Steal you from life with unperceiv'd decline,
 And lay you slumb'ring on the turf's green bed:
 O how I envy your delightful day!
 For ill does Knowledge, ill does Wealth repay
 The sleep, that hovers o'er the poor man's head,
 Which soothes him, when his ev'ning labours cease,
 And at cool day-spring leaves him full of peace.

S O N-

S O N N E T LX.

YES, I behold the much-lov'd fields again,
 And, full of chearfulness, at breezy dawn
 The varied prospect view of hill and lawn,
 And glitt'ring spires, that crown the beech-clad plain:
 Such tender tears, as musing Poets shed,
 Steal down my cheek, the tears of Joy and Peace;
 And Heav'n I thank, who bids my sorrow cease,
 And raises from the couch my languid head,
 Where I invok'd from ling'ring Death relief;
 But God is merciful: be thou my guide,
 Dread Pow'r; and teach me calmly to abide
 Thy wise disposal, whether Joy or Grief;
 Thankful for all the good thy will bestows,
 And, though too feeling, patient under woes.

T H E E N D.

